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CORNELIA'S REMONSTRANCE.

I AM the mother of four sons, the eldest of whom tells me that I deserve well of my country, and that if I had been an ancient Roman matron I should have received a civic crown. I reply that I hope a civic crown was more than five shillings, which could not have gone far towards the maintenance of a young family, let the habits of a nation be as frugal as they might, or provisions ever so cheap. They are fine, handsome boys certainly, and it would be affectation to deny that I am proud of them. Nor is it strange that they should be strong, keen-sighted, swift-footed, full of health, for their father was renowned for his strength, endurance, and skill in all manly exercises. He slew three men with his own hand on the heights of Inkermann before the fatal bullet was fired which pierced his heart and mine—ah me! My income is a fair one; but schooling is so expensive that I find it necessary to live in a quiet country village, which is somewhat lonesome at times, in the intervals between the holidays. When all the lads leave me, as generally happens, about the same time, and I am once more alone with my two maid-servants, the contrast is great! And in the long winter nights I am subject to a nervousness which might probably have caused William's ancient Roman matron to repudiate me: I dread burglars. This, indeed, was a vague fear, recurring but occasionally, and easily suppressed, till last year; but now it is a habitual uneasiness, rising at times to downright dread; and as other mothers may have the same cause for alarm that I have, I wish to state what it is, and then perhaps we may co-operate, and get listened to.

Bearing in mind that the man with empty pockets passes the garrotter whistling, I took care to have nothing but plated things when furnishing my house; and I let it be known that I never kept much money in it. Hear how my prudence has been frustrated. From the way in which I commenced this Remonstrance you may have concluded that all my four boys are at school, but, to be accurate, this is only true of the three younger

ones, for William, the eldest, has been articled to a solicitor for the last three years. He is a Volunteer, and a crack shot; so, last July twelvemonth, he went to Wimbledon, having been chosen by his corps as one of its representatives at the rifle-meeting. When he came home afterwards, he had a package with him besides his well-known port-manteau and carpet-bag—a square box, which he carried inside the fly, and would not leave. He was in the habit of rushing into the house, after an absence, in a hearty fashion, hugging me in the hall, and letting his luggage take its chance; but now he stuck to his box in a fashion that made embracing impossible.

'How are you, mother? What! Jack, Fred, Tim, how are you? Run and get the hammer and screw-driver, like a good fellow, one of you.'

That was his greeting as he went to the dining-room, where he placed his box carefully on a chair.

'Now, mother dear, you shall see what you shall see,' he continued, forcing the screw-driver under the lid, and tearing the nails which fastened it down out of their sockets; and presently he extracted a large silver cup, which he stripped of its tissue-paper, and placed on the sideboard. It was a very handsome piece of plate indeed, with two handles representing vine-stalks, and embossed all over with bunches of grapes, rifles, and drums. The massive lid was surmounted by a Volunteer sitting on his heel, and taking a steady aim at an imaginary mark; and the pedestal had an allegorical group of figures round it, exquisitely designed and finished. We all expressed our genuine admiration, and exacted a minute detail of all the incidents connected with the winning of the trophy—how William did worse than he expected at his favourite distance, and made the highest possible score at the one he generally failed at: how M'Boulesey of Aberdeen, who seemed to be winning, got an unlucky puff of wind which could not be calculated upon, and made a miss at a critical moment; and other episodes that have escaped my memory, but which can be supplied by the victor's brethren, should any one desire to learn them.

'Well, William,' said I, improving the occasion, 'you must work very hard now in order to have a dining-room some day fit to hold such a magnificent cup; in the meantime, perhaps it had better go to the banker's.'

'O mother,' cried he, 'it is not mine out and out; it is a challenge cup, and I only have it for a year; unless, indeed, I can win it four times in succession, which is very unlikely.'

'What! you have to give it up in a year?'

'Yes; and it would be a pity to hide it away at the banker's for the short time it is mine: wouldn't it?'

'But supposing you were to lose it?'

'I should have to make it good, of course. But there is no fear of losing it; it will be all safe here. I thought you would like the look of it on your sideboard.'

'So I do, dear; so I do.' I hastened to assure him, for he looked so terribly disappointed and dismayed at the idea of his prize being poked away, that I had not the heart to persist.

Thus, then, I was condemned to my first and most serious piece of plate; and as it never rains but it pours, I have never since been free from similar, though less extravagant articles of useless anxiety, for whether their brother's success stirred their emulation, or they have been merely carried away by a fashion of their time, I don't know, but my other boys have been likewise great winners of cups—small goblets of little value for the most part, but likewise dreadful challenge things. Tim, the third, has brought home a swimming-cup and hurdle-race cup; Fred, the youngest, a hundred-yards and a high-jump cups; all four to be given up at the end of a twelve-month. Fortunately, Jack, the second, is devoted to cricket, a game which seems to require no artificial stimulus in the way of prizes. Sometimes, indeed, after a match, he says that he has obtained a duck's egg, but that he eats on the ground probably, at least he never brings it home. But William, not content with rifle-shooting, has taken to aquatics, and added a grand challenge sculling vase to the embarrassments under my bed.

Yes, that is where I keep all this plate. Directly my boys have left home, I pack their trophies in an old trunk, which is stowed away carefully in the safest spot I can think of; and before retiring for the night, I go all over the house, examining the fastenings of doors and shutters, and locking myself in when at last I reach my bedroom. These precautions naturally affect my rest, and every little night-noise sounds to me like incipient burglary.

Now I have to pay a considerable sum every year for entrance-fees and subscriptions, and cannot think the temporary loan of a number of utterly useless works of art, the care of which has sapped my nervous system, at all a satisfactory return upon the outlay. And I am one of the parents supposed to draw prizes in the lottery; the great majority pay their money and never witness any result. Their sons always slip, or fall, or sprain something at the critical moment, and only bring home *y/s* from their butts.

Do not suppose that I grudge any money which really goes to encourage the physical part of my sons' education, or think that of less consequence than the learning of Latin and Greek. My experience quite contradicts the theory which one of our principal novelists has tried to establish in a

recent tale, that a devotion to athletic sports is injurious to a young man's character. My husband was a practical authority on the subject, and he used to say that morbidness, self-indulgence, and indolence were the three vices we have most to dread from at the present day, and that the muscular movement was an instinctive effort of Society against the luxury which is eating into its vitals.

I am fully convinced of the truth and sound common-sense of his remarks; so you see that what is called 'muscularity' has in me a friend, and not an enemy; but I do think that the prizes, if prizes are necessary incitements in the present flaccid condition of mankind, should be of a more useful nature. Racing-cups and yachting-cups are all very well, because men who can afford to keep race-horses or yachts have large houses, and butlers, and sideboards suited for handsome plate; but what does a school-boy, or even in the majority of cases, an undergraduate, or medical student, or civil-service clerk, want with a great cup or salver? Half-a-dozen silver spoons would be of much more value to him. I have heard of a sensible man named, I think, Doggett, who left a coat and badge to be rowed for by watermen, and wherries are also often awarded as prizes at regattas. Why should not school-boys compete for similar objects? If a lad brought home a dozen of shirts, or a pair of boots, or a suit of 'dittoes,' occasionally, in testimony of his running, jumping, or rowing qualifications, his parents would be likely to appreciate his prowess far more heartily. Or should a competition for wearing-apparel wound the aristocratic feelings of our young gentlemen, surely watches, fishing-rods, guns, bats, would be quite unobjectionable prizes, the winning of which would delight the lad, and at the same time tend, indirectly, to reduce the leak in the parents' pockets. At any rate, a system which encourages young athletes to train and strain, and endure extreme toil and distress, in order to increase the accumulation of precious metals under their mother's bed, and the consequent nervous anxiety on her pillow, will never seem satisfactory to Cornelia.

THE LAST HOME OF THE RED MAN.

THERE are few parts of the known world (and it is almost all known now) which can be said to be still distant and difficult of access. But the charm of the few which do exist is undiminished, perhaps increased, by their rarity, to the traveller who proposes to explore them, and the reader who can only follow with his fancy. Mr Parker Gillmore* introduces us to such a region, and relates the incidents of a sojourn there, which is a charming combination of pastoral and romance.

Almost in the centre of the vast continent of North America is the immense extent of country called Montana, of which, in England, we barely know the name, and of whose interior, dwellers on the continent themselves know nothing, beyond the casual information picked up by adventurous white trappers, Indian traders, and small surveying parties. Within its limits, the rigours of a Canadian winter and the heat of a tropical summer have sway; and its surface is largely composed of

* *A Hunter's Adventures in the Great West.* By Parker Gillmore. London: Hurst and Blackett.

rugged mountain tracts and precipitous sierras. It is an enormous country of rugged highlands, but it has its rare and hidden beauties too; especially one fatal attraction, which must ere long deliver it up to the spoiler, and seal the doom of its native population. It produces iron, gold, and silver; and so it is hardly to be hoped that it will long remain untouched by 'speculators, who will overflow the country with a host of miners—as a rule, the most dissipated, reckless, and cruel people upon the face of the earth.' For the sake of the Indians, whom he likes, and the wild game, of which he is a mighty hunter, Mr Parker Gillmore earnestly deprecates the 'development' of Montana. The best chance for both being left in peace is that the fluctuations of temperature from one extreme to the other are so sudden, that only exceptionally hardy persons can bear them with impunity, and that the district is completely out of the line usually chosen by the exodus of people that annually rolls across from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Forty years ago, the whole extent of territory from the Mississippi to the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to Hudson's Bay, belonged to the red man. 'All over this space, their cattle, the wild game, roamed free; and the white man only dwelt within its limits as a guest, or on tolerance.' Now, the lawful possessors have been dispossessed, their lands have been appropriated, and the children of the soil have been driven forth, to wander homeless and despoiled—to starve and die. Montana is now almost their only sanctuary remaining—the last of the lands which knew the camp-fires of their forefathers.

This remote place had wonderful attractions for Mr Gillmore. First, its musical and suggestive name; next, its assured seclusion, and the absence of 'the brand of man's handiwork,' that mars the wild and solemn beauties of nature. Accordingly, four years ago, he made his way, accompanied by a horse and a mule (sagacious creatures, that he prized and treated as they deserved), through snow and boulders, towards the eastern portion of northern Montana, in search of a camping-place, after a journey which had told less severely upon him than upon his dumb companions. His belongings were the fewest and simplest conceivable, and he had already been enjoying the solitude his soul loved for several weeks, in a secluded valley to the southward; but the Indians had found him out, and by carefully hiding the traces of their vicinity, had enabled him to discover that their intentions were not friendly. He was learned in their manners, it seems, for he says: 'If these redskins had not been possessed of evil intentions towards me, knowing as they did that I was alone, and comparatively defenceless, they would have come and made a friendly call; we should have had a grave smoke together, and afterwards a grand pow-wow, consisting of big words and bigger speeches—utterly incomprehensible in detail, but strongly significant when taken all together.' Accordingly, he determined to put many leagues between himself and his invisible neighbours, and started on his wandering in an utterly unknown land, where game was so scarce he could barely obtain sufficient food, where his horse and mule were almost starved, and where water only was plentiful. The dreariness and loneliness of the journey were at first frightful; but after a time the

clean-cut impressions of the hoofs of deer, and then the sight of a birch tree, so well-beloved by all wanderers in America, cheered the exile up, and evening brought him to a charming camping-ground, close by a river, with wood in abundance for fuel, and pasture for the horses. He made his camp-fire, and, sallying forth in search of his supper, pushed through a thicket of stunted cedars and hemlocks, and emerged upon the river's bank and a spectacle seldom witnessed by a white man.

'The side of the stream was margined with a wide sandbank, while farther off stretched the gliding water, dotted with numerous dome-like houses. The distant view was shut out by a dense growth of evergreens. On the foreground was a brace of beavers, whose serious, sedate manner indicated that they were engaged upon some subject of vital importance. In the water and on the houses, half-a-dozen others were busily repairing their domiciles, or floating down-stream materials with which to do so. Presently, a large Wapiti stag emerged from the cover into the open meadow, with much indolent majesty, but so little regarded by the beavers, that they scarcely discontinued their occupation for more than a moment, to greet his intrusion with a stare of indifference. I took aim at the nearest of the two cronies, hobnobbing on the mud flat, stretching him lifeless. The uninjured beaver fled, took to the water, dived, reappeared, looked around, halted, and turned about, as if intent on learning why he was not followed by his companion; while the buck stood still, evincing symptoms of nervous curiosity. "Good!" thought I to myself; "at length I have gained a sanctuary that (of late, at least) has not been contaminated by the presence of man."

A tremendous mountain-storm is a less delightful experience, also a two days' tramp in search of the strayed horse and mule; but they are made up for by a peep at a whole family of beautiful little bears, during the absence of their parents, and a splendid shot at one of a brace of huge bighorns. A more than usual degree of uncertainty attended this extraordinary journey, and the general aspect of the country was unpleasantly suggestive of starvation. The stony ways, the gaunt ridges, the thin and wiry shrubs, and the extremely bad condition of the skulking wild beasts, were not encouraging; and yet it was with apprehension that the traveller noted the presence of vultures, always indicative of the vicinity of a camp, and was presently warmly welcomed by a couple of friendly dogs, who changed their note when they perceived that he was not an acquaintance. Then follows an adventure which deserves record. The dogs were close to a shanty, which stood close to the base of a rock, and was composed of cedar boughs skilfully laid in layers so as to overlap each other and be waterproof. Just behind the menacing brutes Mr Gillmore perceived the head and shoulders of a figure projecting above a log. Closer examination disclosed a rifle-barrel. Here he was taken in rear and without shelter, while the enemy had cover that would have warmed the heart of the most fastidious rifleman. He could not run away, because the dogs would certainly have pursued him, so he stood deliberately within range of the rifle directed towards him, the figure holding it never altering its position, and the black eyes looking straight into his. 'Chin-chin,' said Mr Gillmore, who had lately come from China. No

response; gun and eyes steady. 'Comment vous portez-vous?' said Mr Gillmore. No reply for a while; and then out stepped the figure, and a voice exclaimed in high-pitched tones: 'How you do?' The terrible enemy was a woman, a squaw, the widow of a trapper, and she was much the more frightened of the two. Finding the stranger friendly, she brought him into her hut, assuring him there was 'no chief, no brave, no Injun, nothing but papoose,' and held up for his admiration a little copper-skinned, dark-eyed, good-looking brat of about a year old. The judicious appreciation of the copper-coloured baby by the stranger secured the mother's good-will; she produced some creditable tobacco, and prepared a pipe for her guest, and then proceeded to inform him that his mare and his mule had fallen in with her horse on the previous day, and all three had returned amicably to her camp, causing her considerable alarm by this evidence of his vicinity. This strange meeting led to a strange companionship, destined to expose the intrepid Englishman to not a little ridicule afterwards, but to which he was profoundly indifferent. They camped close to one another, and combined their means; the squaw, who informed Mr Gillmore that she was a Crow, did the cooking and the mending; the traveller did the hunting; and the baby behaved itself in a most exemplary manner. The Crow squaw was a famous trapper, and was accumulating a valuable stock in trade for the spring demand.

After some time, and when the hunting and fishing had been sufficiently enjoyed, Mr Gillmore proposed to move on, and, having taken leave of the squaw, was tranquilly preparing to start, when she came to visit him, and declared her intention of accompanying him to a fur-trading station. Accordingly, off they started; the mule laden with peltries, and the very dogs carrying packs, much to their disgust. They journeyed on for ten days, through a dreary country, where large game was scarce, but wolves abounded, 'though it would puzzle a person to know what they can obtain to live upon in a place so far from shelter, and where the cold was so severe that sleep was almost impossible'—a state of things which, if distressing for wolves, must have been rather trying to the captain and the squaw. On the eleventh day, they came upon wagon-tracks, and fell in with a famous trader of the name of Morris, halting by a creek which abounded in water-fowl and musk-rats. Here the captain parted with the poor squaw, whose copper-coloured baby died, in spite of all the medical skill and care at the captain's command.

The squaw joined a party of her own countrymen, who came up with the traders; and Captain Gillmore, accompanied by a volunteer comrade, one of the queerest characters in fact or fiction—an individual known as 'the old man,' but who might have walked out of the picture-galleries of Bird or Fenimore Cooper—'made tracks' together. The captain meant to gain the Missouri, and, if possible, the Saskatchewan, and, from thence, through Lake Winnipeg and the Lake of the Woods, to reach Lake Superior before winter. To this interesting journey the old man contributed a romance of travel and adventure which has few rivals, and a delightful succession of chapters in natural history. The bear and the moose figure largely in these

tales, and one, which describes a personal encounter with a huge bear, ends with a rough dramatic touch worth special record. The combat, waged with a gun-barrel, has lasted long, and the old man (then a boy) is becoming exhausted. 'I tripped over a limb, and the black fiend had me by the shoulder, his nostrils squirting out jets of fire upon my cheek. Some folks would have thought it was all up with me, but I didn't. The blood-letting seemed to bring me to, and as we rolled on the ground together, I remembered my butcher-knife which hung in my belt. . . . The touch of the haft as I laid my hand upon it was more welcome than the shake of a long-lost chum's hand; and it stood a friend to me, for it saved my life. The better to free my arm for use, I made a determined struggle. The foe bit deeper into my shoulder, at the same time drawing his paw across my face; but the effort did my work, and I buried the knife to the handle in the stomach of the savage. Again and again I repeated the blows; but human nature could stand no more, and I fainted. The sun was gilding the scarlet leaves of the maple when I awoke, as if from a fearful dream. I felt stiff and sore, and the blood still trickled from my shoulder. Dead as a stone, lying partially on me, was the bear. I lay there all night, and it was cold, bitter cold. Day at length broke, but what was the value of its return, without human aid? I was lost—left to die a worse death than the one I had escaped. Again and again I made efforts to rise, but I was paralysed. I attempted then to scream, but nothing but a guttural rattle proceeded from my parched throat. I thought my last day was come; I grew giddy and faint; and lay helplessly dreaming of home, and the dear mother so long gone to the spirit-land. Pain had left me, and I was almost reconciled to die, when a deep voice, driving cattle—"Gee, Buck!" "Hoo, Bright!"—struck upon my ear. In a few moments, one of the teamsters from the lumber-camp was at my side.'

What a companion for an adventurous traveller like Captain Gillmore, the old man must have been! as he told how he skated in the darkness on the Penobscot, between walls of dense cedar and hemlock, hotly pursued by the dreadful gray wolf of the north, with which the cayotte and the prairie-wolf are no more to be compared than a terrier with a blood-hound. In size, the gray wolf is double that of the others; in speed, he is almost a match for the fastest horse; his sense of smell is so acute, that he can trace his prey almost entirely by the nose. His blood-thirsty instincts are insatiable. There is but one animal in the forest that is able to cope with him, and that is the adult bull-moose; but when age and the decrepitude of years have weakened his frame, he also must succumb before this scourge of the northern forest-lands. Before a herd of these horrid brutes, let us picture a boy, skating, in the darkness, the unmistakable hideous yell in his strained ears. The wolves are in the bordering wood, their headlong course checked by the obstacles in the path; the chase is on the smooth ice. If they take to that, he is lost. What a race! and how told! The thumping heart-beats repeat themselves as we read the words. When the race is more than half-run, the brutes break out of the wood, and take to the ice!

'I almost imagined I felt their hot breath upon

me. Would their impetus cause them to overshoot their object if I suddenly turned? In a moment I shot off to the left, while my foes, with headlong impetus, slid or fell to the ground in their exertions to turn or halt. I then retraced my course at a measured pace, so as to regain both wind and strength. But I was not long left in peace, for my eager pursuers were soon again in my wake. In a short time they were so close to me, that they believed themselves almost in possession of their prey, when the same ruse was once more successfully performed, and I resumed my original course with redoubled vigour. Twice more had I to adopt this plan, till at length I came in sight of our log-hut, where my companions were busy with their evening work. Their familiar voices and the cheery click of their axes broke most welcome on my ear, the assurance that in a few moments more help would be at hand, imparting fresh strength to my almost exhausted frame. The skulking scoundrels knew that they were beaten, for they halted, gave utterance to a few howls of disappointment, then slowly crossed to the river, and entered a neighbouring dense cedar-swamp.

But there were worse things than fights with bears and tricking of gray wolves in the old man's life. The story of the Jibbenainozay *Nick of the Woods* has its counterpart in this narrative, claiming to be sober truth; the story of young love and a happy home turned to horror and desolation by Indian treachery, barbarity, and murder. A sombre companion, withal interesting, must the old man have been, with the awful massacre of Leavenworth upon his heart, in that solemn journey through the untracked wilds of the northern continent. His murdered wife was buried under a hickory tree, close to their burned and ravaged home; and he ends his narrative thus: 'The frost of the winter of life has grizzled my head and beard. The season of my migration to the other world is rapidly approaching. But when the time for that journey comes, if I knew that this poor carcass would be laid under that hickory tree on the banks of muddy old Missouri, this "old man" would be satisfied.' The strange companions travelled on through country of various aspects—now sterile, now fertile; sometimes stern and gloomy, anon resembling beautiful park-lands, meeting with deer and buffalo in such numbers as assured them there were no Indians in the vicinity, seeing many strange birds and varieties of snakes. Captain Gillmore maintains the comparative harmlessness of rattlesnakes, which can only sit up and bite, but cannot spring, and may therefore be easily killed from a safe distance. Some adventures diversified the journey, as, for instance, when 'the old man' persisted in entering a cave in pursuit of a bear, and found him so tightly wedged in the farthest extremity that he could not get him out, after he had been smoked to death. Immediately after they crossed the Missouri, which they did with ease, for 'though the current was strong, and the width of the river equal to that of the Thames at Richmond, the horses never lost their footing,' they struck an Indian trail, and soon came up with a camp, consisting of fourteen hunters and a few squaws. The camp was well situated, and formed a kind of fortress; and there, with the half-breeds, the travellers put up for some days, going on hunting and exploring expeditions. Afterwards they pressed on northwards,

through scenery resembling Montgomeryshire, only that the timber grew almost to the summit of the high grounds.

After they passed Bull Moose Lake, they entered dense and sombre forest-land, where their horses became almost useless, and where there was no indication that the solitude had ever been broken by the presence of man. After several days, and when the silence and monotony of the forest were telling heavily upon them, they suddenly emerged upon the following scene: 'We had before us a lake, the surface of which, smooth as that of a mirror, was studded with islands covered with the richest foliage. The water was as blue as that of the Mediterranean in the calmest day of summer, as transparent as crystal, and the banks were fringed with the darkest green leaves, while the hue of the distant hills resembled the softest shades of amber and purple. Beneath a giant birch, hoary with lichen, venerable from the quantity of ragged bark that in dishevelled locks hung around its sides, we disencumbered ourselves of our loads.' The old man, untroubled by sentiment, set fire to this noble lord of the forest primeval the following morning, much to his companion's disgust. And now began a spell of hard times, hard travelling, and hard fare. The country was difficult, the weather cold, and game scarce. The old man was a better trapper than the captain, the captain a better hunter than the old man, but it gave them both enough to do to keep off hunger, if not starvation. They came to regard baked porcupine as a first-rate delicacy, and to try to eat a Canadian owl; but they did not succeed. That was a truly terrible experience. Plover, snipe, and curlews abounded, but they had no shot sufficiently small to kill them. Where all the deer had gone they could not discover: their tracks were everywhere, themselves nowhere. The only reason for their absence Captain Gillmore could imagine was that there must have been a pack of wolves in the neighbourhood lately. Things were very bad indeed with the travellers, when they reached a beautiful little lake, with an island in its centre. On the lake margin they lighted a fire, and, to their amazement, saw an answering blaze spring up from the island. In a few minutes more, a canoe shot swiftly across, and three men landed, and addressed them in their own tongue. These were a party of trappers, with whom they passed some pleasant time in rest, and then in sport, and to whom they sold the mare and the mule, which had seen so much service and hardship.

Off again, and still northward, the progress marked by the quantity and variety of the timber; by the quivering-leaved poplar, the fir, the spruce, the white pine, and the silver birch. This was a toilsome journey, but it brought them within range of ptarmigan, and on the tracks of cariboo, and introduced them to that terrible, but happily rare animal, the glutton. The Indians swarm in the way, but do not molest—on the contrary, aid and welcome the travellers. Farther north still, and the grandest sight of all awaits the travellers—that of a prairie on fire. And so to the Moose River, where the toil by land is exchanged for a laborious canoe-voyage, and constant danger from cataracts and rapids. But there were also delicious interludes of sleepy, lovely river-scenery, where the stream was clear and quiet, and flocks of beautiful birds rose fluttering up before the stroke of the

paddles; and when it wound past osier-beds, and through thriving colonies of beavers.

They had capital fishing while on the river, and got some fine 'big game' on the inland tramp, when they had to carry their birch-bark boat from place to place, and they finished off with a tremendous adventure with a bear. The brute charged into the water, in his exasperation at being wounded by the old man, upset the canoe, dragged Captain Gillmore under water, and then let him go, and deliberately landed and trotted away. The old man clung to the canoe, and was safe; but Captain Gillmore lost his gun and his ammunition, and was chilled almost to death before he reached land. And then he found that his companion's gun had been lost also. Fortunately, they were only two days' journey from Pembina, and they met with no further accident. It was not long until the strange companions in one of the most interesting and daring of modern enterprises of travel were talking it over at the *Southern Hotel* at St Louis—the taciturnity of 'the old man' having been conquered by some whisky-punch, after a dinner, 'the like of which for fixings,' he said, 'he had never seen before.'

WON—NOT WOODED.

CHAPTER XII.—MRS MARSHALL TELLS 'ALL ABOUT HIM.'

As the party approached the light-house, they met Mr and Mrs Pennant, smiling complacently, and evidently reconciled, and in their bride and bridegroom trim again.

'Why, what has kept you good folks, so long?' cried Fred. 'We thought you had deserted us altogether: you should not leave a poor fellow with nobody but his wife to keep him company.' Here he slyly compressed the plump arm that was linked within his own, as much as to say that for his part he had been more than content, and considered their return as an impertinent interruption.

'We are glad enough to get back at all,' said the Professor, gravely. 'Through my insane folly in not remembering that a spring-tide comes in quicker than a nap, we had almost all been drowned.'

'Good Heavens! you don't say so?'

'Yes, indeed,' said Mr Winthrop, shewing his white teeth: 'we have only just escaped having the starch taken out of our shirt-collars.'

It was evident enough that the dresses of the two ladies had not been so fortunate, for the seawater dripped from them as they moved; and after the interchange of a few words of explanation and sympathy, Mrs Pennant hurried off with Mabel and Mrs Marshall to the light-house.

'But how the deuce did it all happen?' inquired Frederick, moved to mirth by the bedraggled appearance of his friends, and unable to picture the past danger.

'You would not have thought it a laughing matter if you had been with us,' growled Horn Winthrop. 'I didn't like it myself, let me tell you, though I will swim against any man for what he likes.'

'Yes,' observed the Professor acidly, 'this was the only Newfoundland we had with us, and even he could only have saved himself. We have been cut off by the sea, and only been saved by the

extraordinary exertions of a young gentleman, who has gone away without waiting to be thanked.—That we have brought Miss Mabel back to her sister, Pennant, added he in a lower tone, 'is, in fact, scarce less than a miracle.'

'Then I must find the man that worked it, and thank him with my own lips,' said Frederick earnestly. 'If anything had happened to May, it would have broken Ju.'s heart, and, indeed, mine also. The dear child must have been terribly frightened!'

'She shewed herself a brave, good woman, Pennant,' said the Professor huskily; 'as, in fact, did Mrs Marshall also. I believe we all behaved ourselves pretty well,' added he, sinking his voice to a whisper, 'except that odious animal who swims. I called him a Newfoundland, but he shewed his teeth like a walrus, even to our deliverer.'

'I knew he was a beast, but I didn't know he was amphibious,' was the dry rejoinder.

'Hollo! who's your friend in the red shirt?'

The late occupant of the coble here made his appearance on the cliff-top, and the Professor at once started off to join him.

'One moment,' interposed Mr Winthrop, taking out his card-case and pencil. 'Be so good as to give him my card. I am sure we are greatly indebted to him: I daren't wait to tell him so, because I am so wet; but please to offer him our best acknowledgments.'

'Not mine,' said Horn gruffly.

'I have placed your name along with mine, sir,' observed Mr Winthrop with dignity, 'and I shall certainly not erase it. You might feel some gratitude, I should have thought, upon your father's account, if not upon your own.' Thus speaking, Mr Winthrop pushed hastily towards the light-house; while his son, who had been selecting a cigar from his case with studied care during this 'jobation,' strolled slowly in the same direction.

Mr Flint and Frederick bent their steps towards the cliff-top, where, in obedience to a signal made by the former, the young stranger stood awaiting them.

'I think Mr Winthrop of Wapshot,' observed the Professor, looking with some disgust at the address-card which had been confided to him, 'might have expressed his thanks in person. The idea of his sending his card to a man who has saved his life! I am sure, my dear Pennant, although you have not personally shared our danger, that you feel very differently towards this young fellow.'

'I hope so, indeed,' was the carelessly good-natured rejoinder. 'If he's at all presentable, I shall most certainly ask him to dinner.'

But if Mr Frederick thus regarded the late romantic incident with characteristic coolness, and the majority of the other gentlemen with philosophic calm, such was by no means the case with the ladies. Mrs Pennant was never tired of listening and asking questions concerning it; nor Mrs Marshall of narrating and replying; while May, though unusually silent, took an absorbing interest in all that was said. It was not, however, till they were all three in the little parlour of the light-house that Mrs Marshall could be induced to divulge her secret respecting the hero of the day; such a priceless piece of information was not to be lightly spoken on a windy down, where precious words would be wasted, and the attention of her audience likely to be distracted; she kept it for

in-doors, as the smoker keeps his most delicate and rare tobacco. News and scandal were this excellent lady's stock in trade; she was not so imprudent as to waste or dispose of it at a disadvantage. She waited for her opportunity, as a diner-out for the seasonable introduction of his good story, and then, and then only, let out the tortoise-shell Tom out of the bag. Imagine, then (if you can do so with propriety), this admirable lady and the fair Mabel drying their petticoats at the fire which the light-house woman has lit in the parlour for that purpose, and Mrs Pennant sitting on the pollard sofa, all ear.

'My dears,' said Mrs Marshall impressively, 'I'll tell you all about it. This young gentleman lives, or did live, in Cavendish Square (though where I have met him was at Brobriag Mansion, Brighton), and the name he goes by is Thornton.'

'The name he goes by!' echoed Mrs Pennant. 'Why doesn't he go by his own name?'

'I thought you'd say that, my dear,' continued Mrs Marshall with quiet triumph; 'I had made up my mind you would ask that question. But the fact is, Mr Richard Thornton has got no name of his own to go by. He never had father or mother—that is to say, I mean they were people of no consequence; and when they died and left him a small orphan, they left him nothing else. He might have gone to the workhouse if it had not been for Mr and Mrs Thornton, very rich West India people—you *must* have heard of "Pickles Thornton"—who, being childless, adopted him, and brought him up as their own son.'

'Why, dear me, this is quite a romance,' cried Mrs Pennant, sitting more upright than ever.

'Well, I don't know as to that, my dear; there was a good deal of commonplace and vulgarity mixed up in the affair, I'm afraid. Pickles is not all benevolence, far from it; and Mrs Pickles is all whim. So long as the child was too small to have a will of his own, all seems to have gone well enough; but as he grew up, their affection for him waned. On the face of the affair, one would of course deplore the ingratitude of the lad towards his benefactors; but there are at least two sides to the story. My own conviction is, that Mrs Thornton always disliked the child—looked upon the poor little innocent as a reproach to her, because she had no family; and that if it had not been for her husband, she would have disposed of "Dicky" as coolly as though he had been a mute canary, the purchase of which she had repented of; but, at all events, there came a time when she positively got to hate him. When Richard was about fifteen, a curious circumstance took place, which sent the poor boy's market-value down to zero. Mrs Thornton gave birth to a son and heir. Just fancy my dear' (here Mrs Marshall turned to Mrs Pennant with a glance of matronly meaning), 'only imagine after five-and-twenty years! There were lots of wicked stories, of course' (here she winked behind the unconscious Mabel, as much as to say: 'I'll tell you them presently, when this innocent young person is out of the way'); 'but there was the child, and, as you may imagine, he put Master Richard's nose out of joint pretty completely. Mrs Thornton behaved disgracefully in the matter, and would have had the poor lad turned out of house and home with scarcely any provision at all; and though Pickles stood by him like a man at first, in the end, and for peace and quietness' sake, he gave way so far, that Richard was put to earn his

own living. I have heard that this poor lad, from having been accustomed to look upon himself as the heir to eight thousand a year, is now articulated to a solicitor, and has to live on some very small allowance; but rich or poor, he is a brave young gentleman, that's certain.'

'Yes, indeed,' assented Mrs Pennant; 'and I sincerely hope Frederick will find him out, and acknowledge the debt we owe him on your account, May.'

At the mention of her name, Mabel started, and with a rosy blush, begged pardon for her inattention. 'I did not hear what you said, Ju.; I was thinking—thinking of something else.'

'You ungrateful little puss!' cried Mrs Marshall; 'the idea of your paying no attention when we are talking about the man who saved us all from drowning! For my part, if I had been in your place, I should have made a point of falling in love with him, and of thinking of nothing else. But girls are not what they used to be in my time.'

The rose-blush deepened upon Mabel's cheek, but she made no reply; and at that moment there was a clamour at the door.

'The carriage is ready, Ju., if the ladies are dried,' cried Frederick; 'and we are all waiting your good pleasure.'

Who were the 'all'? thought Mabel, trembling. Was Mr Richard Thornton among them? Had her brother-in-law brought him in person, and was she about to take his hand and thank him with her own lips, for having saved her life? Of course she wished to do so, but not just then. She mistrusted her power to do it fittingly; she dreaded to meet his look, at least in public. There had been a certain reverence in that manly gaze when fixed upon herself, which had already discomposed her. And now that she knew this handsome brave young fellow had been ill-used by fate—wore the red shirt, on which Mr Horn had so insolently remarked, as much from poverty, perhaps, as choice—she somehow felt infinitely more embarrassed. It would be necessary to be much kinder in her manner towards him, than if he had been some favourite of fortune. She would naturally like him to know that he possessed her pity as well as her gratitude; and yet, how was she to express it? How her dainty limbs trembled, how her pure heart beat, as she moved with the others out of doors! What an immense relief it was to her to find only Frederick and the Professor waiting for them beside the carriage; and then again, with strange inconsistency, what a pang of disappointment she felt that He was not there! The fact was, notwithstanding Mrs Marshall's remark, and in spite of much cynical opinion to the same effect, girls are very much 'what they used to be' in her time, and will probably remain so still for some generations; nay, even as long as love endures, which is warranted, on good authority, to last for ever.

CHAPTER XIII.—A DINNER OF GRATITUDE.

'The captain of the coble is coming to dine with us to-morrow,' exclaimed Frederick from the box-seat, in answer to the eager inquiries of his wife and 'the General.'

'Nay,' cried the Professor; 'he is coming to dine with me.'

'A pretty thing indeed!' exclaimed Mrs Marshall

indignantly. 'You men are not going to have him all to yourselves. Sooner than that, and if Mrs Pennant and May are to be forbidden to meet him, he shall dine *tête-à-tête* with me.'

'That would be highly improper,' said Frederick gravely. 'I am quite sure that your Melcombe, who is all propriety, would, under such circumstances, refuse to wait.'

'That would be all the better,' answered the indomitable old lady; 'the young hero and I would then be quite alone.'

It had been, however, in reality arranged that the dinner—at which, of course, the ladies were to be present—was to take place in Mr Flint's apartment, while that of the Pennants' was to be used as a drawing-room. Mr Thornton had accepted the common invitation of the two gentlemen very frankly, and had even promised to remain for a day or two at the hotel as the guest of the Professor. The latter was loud in his praises of the young man's modest manner and talk. 'He made no more of getting us all off that rock than if we had been so many anemones.'

Mabel listened to him with an interest so eager, that he might almost have been pardoned for misunderstanding its nature. This really excellent old gentleman—one in a thousand for wisdom and learning—was, in fact, within a very little of persuading himself that it might be possible for Miss May Denham to entertain an affection for him, other than that filial one, something of which she really did already feel. Her very name should have suggested to him that poem of *May and December*, which is a lesson to all graybeards in such matters; but it did not do so, or, if it did, the lesson missed its personal application, just as a sermon flies over the head of the sinner. Let us, however, not be too hard upon the good Professor: even Solomon made more than one mistake of the same nature; and Mabel herself was (though involuntarily) without doubt to blame in the matter in being 'a sight to make an old man young.' Moreover (to anticipate a little), Mr Flint not only never told his love, letting concealment, like the worm in the bud, feed on his white whiskered cheek, but never acknowledged, even to his own conscience, how great a fool he had nearly made of himself. He fluttered round the candle, but did not absolutely burn his drab wings. Yet how greatly the flame attracted him was evident in his total forgetfulness of the treasures he had left in the residence of the Cave Bear—not a word did he say about them, and indeed not a thought did he give to them, till Mabel inquired with interest why they were going straight home without revisiting the cavern.

'My dear, we are both still damp,' observed Mrs Marshall decisively; 'and as for me, I have some other old bones to think about besides those of antediluvian animals. Of course the Professor would not dream of taking us out of our way, under such circumstances.'

'Indeed,' affirmed Mr Flint earnestly, 'you only do me justice, I hope. I am not so selfish as to have dreamed of anything of the sort.'

'On the contrary,' said Frederick, 'the Professor was the one to suggest that you ladies that have been in the water might require fires when you get to the hotel, and Messrs Winthrop and Son have gone ahead in the dog-cart to order them.—By-the-bye, Mr Flint, there was one thing that we both

forgot—namely, to ask those two men to dine with us to-morrow. Upon such an occasion, we can hardly leave them out, I think—eh?'

There was an awkward pause. The Professor shrugged his shoulders. Mrs Pennant bit her lips, and frowned at her husband (How could you be so foolish, Fred., as to moot such a question in public? Why didn't you wait till you and I could talk it over together?). Mabel felt herself turning crimson, because she knew that it was upon her account that her sister was displeased.

'Oh, dear me,' exclaimed Mrs Marshall, 'we must certainly have the Winthrops—that is, of course, you gentlemen will please yourselves; but I think it would only be common civility. He gave us an excellent lunch, remember; and I am sure, for my part, if it hadn't been for that champagne, I could never have borne up as I did, when that horrid tide came all about us.'

'She had as much champagne as was good for even that old woman,' growled Fred. to his wife, when subsequently discussing this momentous question in private. 'If she had been in her senses, she must have seen how unwelcome to all of us was the idea of asking these people to dinner; and yet, after what she said, one couldn't well get out of it.'

Mrs Pennant was far too wise to remind her husband, at so inopportune a moment, that but for him, the subject need not have been broached; she doubtless put away that rebuke in a pigeon-hole of her mind, as women will, to be used at another time, but for the present did her best to calm him (for he was really much annoyed), and fit him for the duties of host.

'What is done can't be undone, my dear,' was her philosophic remark; 'and, after all, it is but an hour or two, and we never need see either of these Mr Winthrops again.'

She was by no means so sure of this in her own mind; and, indeed, was much more seriously disquieted about the whole affair, on May's account, than her husband, who was only irritated after the fashion of his sex, at having to endure for a single evening the society of two 'confoundedly disagreeable fellows,' to whom he would be compelled to be gracious and polite. It was not less unpleasant perhaps for his wife than for himself; but selfish man hates 'bother' and 'trouble,' and to have his pleasures interfered with, and one of his favourite excuses for avoiding anything of the kind is that, 'for his part, he can never play the hypocrite.' He has a complacent idea that women, on the other hand, are fitted for that rôle by nature.

The dinner came off upon the following day in the Professor's apartment, the party consisting of the eight persons whose acquaintance we have already made. Mr Winthrop had accepted the common invitation very readily, and his son had done likewise, though after some slight demur, which had given false hopes of a refusal. His attire was splendid in the extreme—jewels sparkled on his embroidered shirt-front, and even on the buttons of his waistcoat. 'He is a Carib,' was Mr Flint's silent reflection, 'and would wear a ring through his nose if he dared.' Mr Winthrop himself regarded this lavish display of ornament with unmistakable disfavour. 'My Horn is as fond of finery as a servant-girl,' remarked he to the host: 'if he had had his uniform with him, he would have undoubtedly put it on to-night.'

It was curious to notice how bitter against his offspring was the travelled squire, though unusually gracious towards his fellow-guests. To the guest of the evening he was especially civil, making elaborate speeches to him, in compliment to the strength and skill which he had displayed in the rescue of the previous day, and expressing his personal gratitude in the most highly polished phrases. All this embarrassed the honest young fellow exceedingly, and he grew still more confused when Mr Winthrop began to ask questions of him concerning his own affairs and belongings.

'Did he belong to the Leicestershire Thorntons, or to the Sussex branch, which (as he understood) had devoted themselves so successfully to commerce?'

It was strange enough that so practised a conversationalist did not perceive, what was evident enough to the rest of the company, that he was causing annoyance by these interrogatories. As for the ladies, in whose minds the recollection of this young gentleman's history was so recent, they were beyond measure indignant at Mr Winthrop's stupidity. 'He may be a Winthrop of Wapshot,' was Mrs Pennant's subsequent remark to Mrs Marshall, 'but he was a born idiot not to see that he was giving pain.'

'Don't speak of it, my dear,' was the latter lady's reply: 'the idea of his asking that poor boy after his father and mother! Even to think of it now makes me "all of a pug."'

As for Mabel, her heart had bled for this young fellow; and although she had not had the courage to interfere, or could have thought—to save her life—of anything to say at the moment, by way of diversion, she had not attempted to conceal her sympathy with his distress. She had thanked him warmly, when they met that afternoon, for having saved her life; and although he had made light of the matter, her gratitude had evidently been far from being displeasing to him, like that of Mr Winthrop. There was a certain tender gravity in the tone of his reply, which did not escape her, and evoked as if by magic the colour to her cheeks; and yet it was clear that, however circumstances had repressed his spirits, he was by nature buoyant, and even gay. His description of his lodging at Hillsborough was full of humour. He had not only seen but tasted wolf-fish, and much strange fish and flesh beside. In fact it had only too often occurred that he did not know what he was eating. On one especial occasion his landlady had given him hopes of a fruit-pie, but the performance had come far short of the promise; he had expected bilberries, but he was put off with a treacle tart.

'You must smack your lips over a dinner like this, I should think,' was Mr Horn Winthrop's graceful comment upon this sad experience.

'He has earned it, at all events,' observed the squire waspishly; 'and you, sir, will never earn a dinner as long as you live.'

'He has earned more than that,' said the host, clapping his young guest on the shoulder, 'whether he ever gets paid or not. I don't think a dinner is quite sufficient salvage for saving five lives.'

'If you really think that any obligation still remains upon your side,' answered Thornton earnestly, 'you can discharge it at once.'

'How so?' inquired more than one voice.

'By never saying anything more upon the subject. It is more than sufficient reward for playing the tortoise—and I have often carried a boat on my

back for my own pleasure—to have met with so kind a welcome here.'

'But why the deuce don't you come and stay here altogether,' inquired Horn, 'instead of being poisoned at that wretched village?'

For an instant a blush came over the other's face; then he smiled, and said: 'It is for a very vulgar reason, sir; mere poverty. I am not rich enough now to live at a hotel, as I used to do; but I like this part of the coast, and therefore spend my holiday at Hillsborough.—Have you still the ghost in the bath-room, Mr Flint, that was wont to be here, or has he been exorcised?'

'I never heard of him,' answered the Professor smiling. 'What room does he haunt, or does he use all the bath-rooms?'

'He is a ghost of the first quality, and occupies the first floor.'

'I have heard of him,' cried Mabel, 'from the chamber-maid!'

'And I from my Janet!' exclaimed Mrs Marshall. 'Oh, do tell us the true story.'

'Nay, I don't know as to the truth of the matter,' answered Thornton; 'but what I have heard is, that in the first year the hotel was opened two brothers put up at it, the elder of whom was very rich, and the other poor. It was the nightly custom of the former to take a warm bath before he retired to rest, and on a certain morning he was found in the said bath-room drowned, or suffocated. The event was ascribed to accident, and the younger brother came into all the money without opposition. Next year, however, when he came to the hotel again, a strange thing happened. He called up all the household in the night, and half the visitors, by his shrieks and cries, protesting that he heard his brother groaning and suffocating in the bath, and accusing himself of having been his murderer. It was an awkward admission to make; but, on the other hand, he had had a good deal of brandy in the smoking-room, and was supposed to be slightly delirious. Opinions were divided on his departure—which took place the next morning—as to whether it was a case of Cain and Abel, or only of delirium tremens. But the proof of the matter remained behind him in the ghost. In the dead of night, you might hear that unhappy gentleman of property gurgle, gurgle, gurgle—sob, sob, sob!—'

'I don't believe a word of it,' interrupted Horn morosely; 'it's my opinion that it's nothing but the pipes.'

'That view is shared by others,' observed Thornton coolly; then turned abruptly to Mrs Pennant, and inquired whether she patronised the dancing assemblies at the hotel.

'Of course not,' interposed Horn, in a tone still harsher than before, and playing impatiently with his wine-glass. 'Neither Mrs Pennant nor Miss Denham would, I am sure, be seen in such company. Nobody who is anybody ever mixes with it. For my part, I should consider my uniform disgraced and soiled if I put it on for any such occasion.'

'It must be a very delicate colour,' observed Mr Flint.

'It's the usual colour, sir,' answered Horn fiercely, who had imbibed sufficient wine to exhibit his character in its most genuine aspect. 'I say I would not wear my red coat at a hotel assembly for fifty pounds.'

'You must, if it's a hunt-ball,' observed Pennant gravely.

'But I would *not*, sir,' contended the stubborn youth.

'Horn, don't be so excited,' remonstrated Mr Winthrop; 'you are not likely to be asked to submit to any such indignity. It is not usual for officers in Her Majesty's army to appear in such places in full uniform; but it is very possible to disgrace yourself in a worse manner.'

Here Mrs Marshall cast across the dessert to Mrs Pennant that mystic sign which dooms men to their own society, but, like the great Nelson, the latter lady declined to perceive the signal. She was equally impatient with 'the General' to unreservedly discuss in the next room the misbehaviour of Mr Horn Winthrop; but she saw that war was threatened, and that the presence of her sex was necessary to prevent its breaking out. She continued, therefore, her conversation with Mr Thornton, with that appearance of interest and animation which is rarely exhibited by a woman unless it is spurious.

'So you are a Volunteer,' said she, 'are you? Well, now, I should have thought as much.'

Mr Horn Winthrop laughed derisively, to express that he also should have thought as much.

'And a good shot, I daresay,' added Mrs Pennant, though with a slight tremor in her voice. She was afraid that her hasty Frederick would suddenly seize upon this rude young man, and pitch him, or attempt to pitch him, over the balcony.

'A man may shoot for a fortnight at Wimbledon at a toy deer,' observed Horn scornfully, 'and yet not know how to handle a gun. One must have a moor or a manor of one's own to do that.'

'Well, you've certainly got a manner of your own, young gentleman,' observed Mr Flint with irritation; 'however, you are not *my* son;' and he looked towards Mr Winthrop the elder.

'Indeed, Professor,' said that gentleman, 'your observation is most just. I blush for you, Horn; and if you do not apologise to your host and these ladies for your foolish and quarrelsome conduct, I must beg you to leave the table.'

'I apologise to everybody except one,' said the young man doggedly.

'Let that one be myself, then,' answered Mr Winthrop quickly. 'I am used to be treated disrespectfully by you, and can bear it. Now be silent, sir.'

Except for some inarticulate muttering, the young man obeyed; there was a menace in his father's voice quite different from its customary peevishness, and which had its effect; but through this untoward fracas, a wet-blanket was imposed upon the little party for the rest of the evening. The one who seemed least affected by it was Mr Winthrop himself, who perhaps was not displeased to have this public opportunity of exhibiting his authority over his audacious offspring. He expressed in a low voice to Mabel, who happened to be his next neighbour, his sorrow for what had occurred. 'Horn has never had a mother's care,' said he, 'and his home discipline has been neglected, for which I am afraid my own gad-about habits have been to blame.'

Mabel murmured some indistinct phrase of sympathy, and was greatly relieved when her sister and Mrs Marshall at last rose to leave the room, and admitted of her own escape from table.

One may imagine how Mr Horn was 'pulled to pieces' in the next apartment. 'What an unhappy temper!' exclaimed Mrs Marshall, who, though indignant, could not forget that the young gentleman was a Winthrop of Wapshot. She belonged to that large class of persons who never perceive 'brutality' in the higher ranks, but only 'too great a determination of character,' or a disposition, which they pity for its owner's sake.

'I call him an ill-mannered cub!' cried Ju. 'How infamously he behaved to that kind, inoffensive Mr Thornton!'

'And how beautifully Mr Thornton took it!' ejaculated Mabel. 'It was easy to see that he forbore to resent his conduct entirely upon our account.'

'They are in very different positions of life, however,' remarked Mrs Marshall. 'One is a spoiled boy, the heir of ten thousand a year; and the other, though an excellent young man, I'm sure, is a nameless orphan.'

'The more reason,' observed Mrs Pennant excitedly, 'that he should be treated with consideration. As for the difference of position, the advantage is on Mr Thornton's side, since he is evidently a gentleman, and the other is not. I never witnessed such behaviour. I hope Mr Horn Winthrop will not have the hardihood to come into this room to coffee.'

Mabel said nothing: perhaps she repented of having spoken what she had, for her face had worn a blush ever since.

Mr Horn's sense of shame, it seemed, was overrated, for he presently made his appearance with the rest: they all looked serious, and made spasmodic attempts at conversation, with the exception of Thornton. He was cheerful and pleasant, and made himself agreeable to the two elder ladies, but avoided Mabel so persistently, that it appeared to be on purpose. Horn, on the other hand, hung over her chair ('Steadying himself on the back of it, as I believe,' said Mrs Pennant afterwards). He would persist in talking to her in such low tones (which were also rather thick) that she could hardly make out what he said. She gathered, however, that he intended to be very polite. He really could be superficially eloquent, on occasion; it was the one gift he had in common with his father. But now he was all himself; he was 'cut,' and shewed the Tartar. He expressed to Mabel the pleasure he had felt in carving the chicken for her at the picnic on the previous day. He said that Aldershot was a beastly place, because there was no ladies' society.—Well, yes, there were a few officers' wives, who did not mind living in huts; but for his part he could not understand a man asking a woman to become his wife under such circumstances. He should leave the army tomorrow if he married. He would have an allowance from the governor at once.

'You are fortunate,' said poor Mabel, to whom speech was embarrassing, but silence still worse, 'in having a father who can afford to behave so handsomely to you. If he were a poor clergyman like papa, that would be impossible.'

'Oh, of course, I should have an allowance; and besides, the gov'nor is very creaky and shaky, though he tries to look young and strong; so perhaps I should not have very long to wait for Wapshot.'

The look which accompanied this piece of

confidential intelligence was even more awkward and unwelcome to the recipient than the communication itself.

'I have ten thousand a year in land entailed upon me,' continued he, 'and can make good settlements, whereas the governor'—

Here Mabel, in feigned reply to a sign from Ju, rose hastily, and took a chair by her sister's side, which Thornton courteously placed for her, and then withdrew to converse with Mrs Marshall. Mabel's heart, which had been in her mouth through terror at Horn's remarks, at once grew cold and heavy as a stone, and sank within her. For the rest of the evening, she scarcely knew what occurred, and answered such observations as were made to her at random.

When the gentlemen retired, and Frederick with them, to smoke in the next room, or rather on the balcony, Ju, inquired of her with some interest if anything ailed her.

'No, nothing,' said she, smiling faintly.

'Well, upon my word, I thought, from the expression of your face when that dreadful cub was talking to you, that he had said something unpleasant; asked you to marry him, for instance.'

'How can you talk such nonsense, Ju. He was only very egotistic and dull, and I had a headache, which I have not lost yet. If you and Mrs Marshall will excuse me, I think I'd go to bed.'

'Do, my dear, by all means,' said Ju, kissing her affectionately.

'Shall I send my Janet with you,' inquired Mrs Marshall, 'to blow Paragon Vinegar on your forehead through the glass tube? Nothing is like that Paragon. I get it of that dear man the chemist at Leamington. Now, do let me.'

'No, I thank you,' answered Mabel with a merry laugh. 'I shall soon sleep the pain off, as I have often done before.'

But the smile faded from the young girl's cheek as she closed the door behind her, and her throbbing head was destined to toss upon the weary pillow for many an hour that night before she found relief, first in tears, and afterwards in slumber.

'Do you think Mr Horn Winthrop *did* make her an offer to-night?' inquired Mrs Marshall confidentially of Ju, as she lit her bed-candle.

'Certainly not, my dear Mrs Marshall. May is truth itself, and you heard her answer just now, though, indeed, I had no intention of putting the question in earnest. I think the young man had had quite enough wine, so much, indeed, that he shall never have the chance of putting his foot in a drawing-room of mine again; but he was not so tipsy—or rather so mad—as to make May an offer.'

'Humph!' said Mrs Marshall in a disappointed tone. 'Well, of course, you know your sister better than I do, but I must say I thought the young man's manner very *empressé*.'

'*Empressé*? I thought it abominably disagreeable; and I was glad to see that his father evidently observed it, and formed the same opinion of it.'

'I saw that too, my dear; and did you happen, by-the-by, to observe any alteration in Mr Winthrop, when we met him this afternoon?'

'Not I, indeed: he appears to me always much the same—cynical, vain, and insincere.' The fact was, though she had a husband to herself, Mrs Pennant was of opinion that a little more attention

might have been paid to herself by Winthrop of Wapshot, and this was the first opportunity that had offered of expressing her sentiments (obliquely) respecting that matter.

'I don't refer to his manner, my dear, but to the change in his external appearance,' returned Mrs Marshall mysteriously. 'He told me yesterday that it was exactly a year since his wife's death, and I observed to-day that he had left off his mourning. Now, in my opinion, that is rather significant. What a magnificent position it would be for any young woman!—You think the idea ridiculous? Very good; *nous verrons*.—Good-night, my dear, and pleasant dreams.'

LOCKS AND KEYS.

As thieving is the first recorded sin in human story, it is but reasonable to suppose that devices for the protection of movable treasure employed at a very early age the ingenuity of the craftsman. In all probability, Tubal Cain, the inspired artificer in brass and iron, was the first locksmith who excited the proverbial hilarity of Cupid; but it is pretty clear that, at a very remote age, the locksmith's craft had become renowned for its ingenuity and skill. In the Book of Nehemiah, Solomon's Song, and other parts of Holy Writ, are allusions to locks and keys; but they afford little indication of the character of the articles then in use. The most ancient lock of which we have any descriptive evidence is one sculptured in detail on a marble slab found among the ruins of the great temple of Karnac. This lock represented those in use more than forty centuries ago, and its construction was thus described by the discoverer of the relic: * A staple was fixed to the side of the door, a bolt at a right angle with it, three loose pins in the upper part of the staple dropping into three consecutive holes, so as to fasten the door when the bolt was pushed to its full extent. The key (a straight piece of wood), having at one end three pegs, corresponding in position with the movable pins or tumblers in the lock, was inserted lengthwise through the hole formed in the bolt; and then the pegs in the key corresponding with the vertical holes in the bolt into which the movable pins of the lock had dropped, raised the pins level with the top side of the bolt, thus disengaging the movable pins, and allowing it to move backward and forward, fastening or unfastening the lock. None but the right key could open the lock, owing to the variation of the movable pins. In its leading principles, this lock has proved to be the foundation of most of the inventions in recent times. The earliest keys were curved in shape and of prodigious size. The poet Aratus, in his description of the constellation Cassiopeia, states that in shape it resembles a key, the stars to the north composing the curved part, and those to the south the handle. Ariston, in his *Anthologia*, applies to a key an epithet signifying *one that is much bent*. According to Eustathius, these keys were sickle-shaped; and some notion of their size is conveyed by Callimachus in his *Hymn to Ceres*, where the priestess of Nicippe is described as carrying a key *super-humalem*. Homer's allusion to the lock and key

* An officer of the French army, during the invasion of Egypt, early in the present century.

of Penelope's wardrobe is better known.* Pope thus renders the passage:

A brazen key she held; the handle turned,
With steel and polished ivory adorned;
The bolt, obedient to the silken string,
Forsakes the staple as she pulls the ring;
The wards, respondent to the key, turn round;
The bars fly back, the flying valves resound;
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roared the lock when it released the spring.

Pliny and Polydore Virgil ascribe the invention of keys to Theodore of Samos; but this is refuted by other authors, who mention these articles as having been in use before the siege of Troy. Mr Syer Cuming, the archaeologist, one of the best known authorities on the history of keys, describes the ancient iron keys of Egypt by examples from Thebes, and mentions the curious fact, that similar specimens are now to be met with in Western Africa. In the Roman era, the keys of fixed and movable locks were 'dentated,' 'piped,' and 'broached,' and surmounting the stems were bows of varied form. Small keys were attached to finger-rings, and the skeleton-key was not unknown to the Roman housebreaker. About the same period, locks were made in Arabia, displaying considerable mechanical ingenuity and artistic design.

In the earliest missals of the Christian Church, reference is made to 'warded' locks, so called to distinguish them from the more ancient Egyptian lock just referred to. The Benedictine friars of the middle ages were well skilled in the locksmith's art, and their productions have never been surpassed in ingenious design or artistic execution. I have lately seen a specimen of the 'apostle lock,' probably five hundred years old, and the work of a Franciscan monk, which displays an ingenuity of construction perfectly marvellous. It is made entirely of wrought iron, and the ornamentation—forged and chiselled—includes a most elaborated wreath of leaves and flowers, concealed among which is a secret spring of microscopic dimensions, serving the same purpose as the 'open sesame' of Eastern lore. Over the escutcheon is the figure of an apostle with outstretched hand, and the lever of the ordinary slide-bolt is in the form of a dog, looking as savage with one head as Cerberus did with three. I have before me a sketch of a *serrure de tabernacle*, of the same period, which is even more exquisitely elaborate. The escutcheon surrounding the keyhole is surmounted by a representation of our Saviour, and on either side are the figures of two angels. The other parts of the lock are most elaborately engraved, the edges being lined with beads and scrolls. The key is almost a miracle of industrial art, the bow containing a complete galaxy of seraphic beauties, and the stem being formed of shapely beads. Another ancient lock, in which the security is obtained by levers or tumblers, is of Chinese invention. Mr Chubb has in his possession a lock of this description, made entirely of wood, and although many centuries old, it is founded on exactly the same principle as the modern Bramah lock, having 'sliders or tumblers of different lengths,' which cannot be opened unless raised simultaneously to a particular height. Some authorities consider the age of this lock as remote as the time of Confucius. Some idea of the ingenuity of this invention is

afforded by the fact that 'a lock of five sliders or tumblers admits of 3000 variations, while one of eight will have no less than 1,935,360 changes;' or, in other words, that number of attempts at making a key or picking it may be made before the lock can be opened.

The 'letter-lock' is another relic of industrial antiquity. This lock is so constructed that the letters of the alphabet, which are engraved on four revolving rings, may by pre-arrangement be required to spell a certain word or number of words before it can be opened. Although apparently complex, the security of this lock is in reality very small, and the invention has long been regarded as more curious than useful. It is supposed to be of Dutch origin, and is some centuries old, although the period of its introduction is a subject of dispute. Vanhagen von Ense disclaims the credit of the invention for his own countrymen, and attributes it to M. Reignier, a well-known French locksmith of the seventeenth century. Proofs of its earlier origin are afforded in the pages of classical English literature. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*, brought out in the year 1615, occurs the passage:

A cap-case for your linen and your plate,
With a strange lock that opens with A.M.E.N;

and the poet Carew, writing five years later, has this still more explicit reference:

As doth a lock
That goes with letters, for till every one be known,
The lock's as fast as though you had found none.

Reignier's claim to the invention of the letter-lock is doubtful, although his locks were held in great repute, and were used to secure the couriers' despatch-boxes employed in the secret service of the government.

It is traditionally supposed that locks were originally introduced into this country by the Phœnicians, who bartered them for Cornish ores.* It is known that, in Alfred's time, locks of a rude description were manufactured in England, and from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries, some attention was paid to the ornamentation of these articles. In the parish church of Snodland, in Kent, as also in Winchester Cathedral, are still to be found English locks of that period, wrought of massive metal. In the reign of Richard I., the price of locks was as follows: 'stocklokkes xd.; and hange-lokkes viiid. apiece,' which was a considerable sum, considering the value of money at that time, and must have restricted the use of these articles pretty much to the upper classes. Latch-keys—the terror of Mrs Caudle—were made as early as the sixteenth century, and the oldest specimens had a cross inserted in the centre of the bow. This was a very common ornament in the ancient keys, and was doubtless due to the superstitious belief in the power of these articles to influence the inhabitants of the spirit-world. Mr Fairholt favours us with a note on the ornamentation of keys in the seventeenth century. 'They were,' he tells us, 'in many cases as elaborately decorated as the articles for which the locks were intended, including even the most magnificent cabinets of the middle ages.'

The history of locks and keys supplies an inter-

* Locks of the most ancient Eastern type are still to be found in various parts of Cornwall and Devon.

esting chapter in the curiosities of invention. Mark Scalliot, a smith of Elizabeth's time, is reported to have made a lock consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel, and brass, all of which, with a pipe key, weighed only two grains of gold. The ingenious Marquis of Worcester included in his *Centurie of Inventions* several wonders in the shape of locks and keys. 'A little triangle-screw'd key, not weighing a shilling, yet capable and strong enough to bolt and unbolt round about a great chest, an hundred bolts through fifty staples, two in each, with a direct contrary motion, and as many more from both sides and ends, and at the self-same time shall fasten it to a place beyond a man's natural strength to take it away; and in one and the same turn both locketh and openeth it.' Such was one invention of this prolific mechanical genius. Here is another, equally remarkable in its way. 'An escocheon for a lock, with these properties: The owner (though a woman) may, with her delicate hand, vary the ways of coming to open the lock ten millions of times beyond the knowledge of the smith that made it, or of me who invented it. If a stranger open it, it setteth an alarm agoing, which the stranger cannot stop from running out, and besides, though none should be within hearing, yet it catcheth his hand as a trap doth a fox, and though far from maiming him, yet it leaveth such a mark behind it as will discover him if suspected; the escocheon or lock plainly shewing what monies he hath taken out of the box to a farthing, and how many times opened since the owner has been in it.' Quaint and ingenious as are these two contrivances, they are eclipsed by our third and last quotation from the note-book of the inventive peer. Padlocks were almost from time immemorial made for securing iron 'bridles,' formerly fastened on the mouths of scolds or 'cuckolds,' as the frail girls of the period were called in olden times. Many of these locks were curious enough, but his lordship of Worcester eclipsed all previous efforts in this direction by an instrument which in his quaint way he termed the *untoothsome pear*. He thus describes it: 'A little ball in the shape of a plum or pear being dexterously convey'd or forced into a body's mouth, shall presently shoot forth such and so many bolts of each side and at both ends, as without the owner's key can neither be opened or filed off, being made of tempered steel, and as effectually locked as an iron chest.' Dr Plot, the historian of Staffordshire, refers to locks made in complicated suites in that county two centuries ago. He also says that locks were made with chimes in them, playing divers quaint and wonderful tunes whenever opened. What effect this music would have upon the burglar it is not easy to imagine.

The first lock patented in England, on the establishment of the Patent Laws, was that of Robert Barron, an ingenious London mechanic, who, in 1774, secured the right of constructing locks in which the security was effected by fixed wards, with the addition of lifting tumblers or levers. Another metropolitan mechanic, Joseph Bramah, patented, in 1784, a lock containing a series of slides, each of which has to be pressed down to a certain position, so as to pass the locking-plate before the bolt can be moved. Although this invention was but the revival of an ancient Chinese lock (referred to above), it proved to be one of the most successful and famous patents in the history of the trade. The lock attained the acme of its

celebrity during the Great Exhibition of 1851; but it proved to be the presage of its sudden fall. Mr Bramah had for many years exhibited a lock in his shop-window in Piccadilly, attached to which was the offer of a reward of two hundred guineas for the inventor of an instrument to open it. Everybody remembers how this boastful challenge was accepted by Hobbs, a young American mechanic who had come over to the World's Fair, and how, after sixteen days of patient effort, he succeeded in dispelling the fond dream of an 'unpickable lock.' This astonishing feat was the great event of the Exhibition, and it lifted Hobbs into fame, and established a new and successful era in the production of locks and keys.

The number of distinct patents for locks granted since that of Bramah may be counted by hundreds, but few of them are known to fame. Chubb's first patent was dated 1818 A.D., its principal feature being the addition of a 'detector' to the ordinary levers. This detector consists of a small spring connected with the levers, which remains inactive so long as the proper key is employed, but which, on the slightest attempt to introduce a false key, vigilantly secures the bottom lever, and remains firmly fixed as a 'tell-tale' until it is liberated by the proper key. Chubb's locks are made in series or suites of immense number; and so extensive are the combinations, that Mr Chubb tells me it would be possible for him to make locks for all the doors of all the houses in London with a distinct and different key to each lock, and yet there should be one master-key to pass the whole. Mr Hobbs, who may be regarded as a very fair authority on the art of lock-picking, maintains that wherever the parts of a lock which come in contact with the key are affected by any pressure applied to the bolt, that lock can be picked. His own invention, therefore, is to prevent the possibility of such contact by a simple addition to the tumbler stump working beneath the bolt. James Carpenter, John Young, Joseph Sanders, and other Staffordshire men have each a lock with which their names are familiarly identified, but which we have not space to describe.

Although locks are largely made in London, Birmingham, Bolton, and other places, the principal 'centre' of the trade is South Staffordshire. In and around Wolverhampton, there are some five hundred distinct lock-factories, some of them employing only a master-workman and his two or three apprentices; others boasting as many as a hundred, or a hundred and fifty workpeople. There are probably five thousand locksmiths in the aggregate in the vicinity of this 'hardware village.' Many of them are artisans possessed of considerable skill, but those employed at the little shops—especially the apprentices—are badly trained, and treated pretty much as the Mamelukes treated the Egyptians. The extent and variety of production in the lock-trade are something wonderful. The weekly produce of locks in this district alone is not far short of half a million; and there cannot be less than ten thousand distinct sizes and patterns. Their value is equally diversified. You may purchase a lock and key for a halfpenny, or you may have good value in a single lock for a five pound note. A lock was lately shewn to me of which the workmanship alone cost a hundred guineas.

An ingenious locksmith who has large faith in Dr Cumming is troubled at the prospect of his

craft at the dawn of the Millennium. The lock-trade is one of those numerous industries that thrive upon the frailties of civilised mankind, and it must decay in the Golden Age, when the world resembles Longfellow's village of Acadie, for there

Neither locks had they to their doors nor bars to their windows,

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of their owners.

To the end of the craft, however, come when it may, I doubt not Cupid will remain the greatest pick-lock in creation, for Shakespeare has no truer couplet than that which occurs in his passionate love-story of *Venus and Adonis*:

Were Beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet Love breaks through and picks them all at last.

THE EXPRESS TICKET.

ONE of the pleasantest journeys I ever took was made a short time back, in company with a total stranger, but who proved to be the most chatty, most communicative person I ever met with, although his code of morals was undoubtedly rather lax. We got in at the London terminus, and as he almost at once asked me where I was going, we found we were each bound to the same large city. I fancied he had been dining rather generously, from his face, which was a little flushed; he had plenty of excellent cigars, and was very liberal with them; and ere we had ridden half-a-dozen miles, he produced a pack of cards, and asked me to play. I declined; and he said with a smile: 'Afraid of strangers with cards? Well, you are quite right; but we shall do no harm to each other.'

I hastened to assure him that I was under no suspicion as regarded himself, but that I did not care for cards.

'There you are to blame,' he returned; 'you should always suspect strangers who want you to play at cards. Why should a man carry a pack with him, if he does not intend to profit by their use? Take my advice, and always be on your guard.'

'But then,' I said with a smile, 'by your own rule you would lead me to suspect you.'

'You wouldn't be far wrong, if you did,' he replied, with a very meaning nod; 'I only wished to play for a cup of coffee at the refreshment station; but I have played in railway carriages for very different stakes—and won them. However, I am all right to-night, and don't want to win anybody's money. I cleared eight hundred over the Leger, and that will last me some time.'

I congratulated him on his good fortune, and said I wished I had been as lucky.

'If it shouldn't do you more good than it will me, you needn't mind,' he returned; 'light come, light go; but still it is better to have a few hundreds in your pocket, than to be without a penny to pay your fare, as I have been on this very railway.'

'Indeed!' I ejaculated, as he made a pause here; 'that must have been awkward.'

'Awkward! I believe you,' he said. 'But

there! a man with his head screwed on the right way, need never be at a loss, in a rich country like this. I hadn't a penny—at any rate, I hadn't a tenth part of the required fare—with me; I was bound to keep an engagement, a long way down the line, and I had not a friend who would lend me sixpence; and here I found myself, one evening, a quarter of an hour before the train started. Something like a fix, eh? What should you have done?'

'Well,' I replied, 'I hardly know. If I had a watch—'

'But I hadn't,' he interrupted, 'nor anything else that would fetch two pound seven, the price of a ticket. A first-class ticket, of course, I mean; I had made up my mind to ride first-class; I like it best, and, under the circumstances, it was just as feasible as any other.'

'Then, perhaps, I should have gone to the station-master or superintendent,' I said, 'and told him all about it; and if that wouldn't do, I must have stopped in London.'

'Then it wouldn't have done, you may swear,' he replied, 'station-masters are not so soft as that. Well, now, I'll tell you all about it; and it may be of use to you to know, some day, what is possible to be done in such a fix.'

I nodded my thanks, and he began.

I need not tell you how I came to be so placed—speculative men are often in such a position; we always get out of it somehow, however, and I did, this time. When I arrived at the station, there was the train, with the engine waiting a little way off, blazing and hissing away; some of the passengers had taken their seats, but most of them were walking up and down, or having a parting glass with their friends, or looking at the bookstalls. How I envied the shabbiest of them all! for he, whoever he was, had got his ticket, and I could not get mine. If the train had gone right through, I would have taken my seat, and chanced dropping out just before they stopped; but I knew they examined tickets half-way, so that would not do. If the journey had been all by the same engine, I would have lain at the back of the tender, on the coals, as I did once to a place nearly a hundred miles down the line; but I knew they changed engines, so this, again, wouldn't do. I saw one person on the platform whom I recognised, but as he was a clergyman—a dean, in fact—who was always preaching against us racing-men, and had once actually persuaded the townspeople to put their races down, I knew he was of no use. Yet I couldn't keep away from him; he had a sort of fascination for me; I may call it a presentiment that he was to get me out of my hobble. Well, the bustle increased; you know, of course, how busy the station gets just before an express starts. The engine came back and was hooked on; the porters ran about with their barrows of luggage; the passengers left the refreshment-rooms and bookstalls, and clustered round the doors of the carriages; the dean got into a compartment by himself, and there was I walking up and down in the darkest part of the platform, and only five minutes left.

I paused for a moment before a little room where I saw the guards go in and out, and wondered whether one of the men would let me ride with him if I told him of a good thing I knew—I

really did know of it—for the Cambridgeshire; when, all at once, a splendid idea struck me. It was the very thing! The door of the little room was half-open, so that I could see no one was in there, and several coats and caps, belonging to the guards, were hanging on the walls. I glanced down the platform; every railway official seemed up to his eyes in business—no one was looking that way. I popped into the room in an instant—had put on a coat and cap, which fitted me beautifully—and was out again in a few seconds. There was no time for reflection, nor did I need any; my mind was already made up, so, pushing past the people with the air of a regular guard, born and bred, I put my head into the carriage where the dean sat, and said: 'Tickets, if you please.' The old gentleman was reading a book; he looked round, pushed his spectacles a little higher on his nose, and exclaiming: 'Dear me! I had quite forgotten,' he handed out his ticket, which I very coolly pocketed, and was moving away, when the old gentleman said: 'This is a new rule, to take tickets at starting, isn't it?'

'Yes, sir,' I answered, touching my cap; 'only been in force this month, sir.'

'Oh,' he said, and began reading his book again.

At this instant the bell for starting rang, and the guards began to bawl out: 'Any more going on?' but there was plenty of time for me. I dashed back to the little room, but hang me! if there wasn't a guard in there, feeling among the great-coats, and swearing horribly, as I could hear, at some of his mates, for moving his particular coat out of its place. I stood behind the long double-ladder they wheel about to clean the lamps, took off the poor fellow's coat and cap, and flung them down by the door, put on my own cap, and hurried across the platform as though I had just come from the refreshment-room. The station-doors were closed, but a guard catching sight of me, shouted: 'Now, sir, this way, or you will be too late!' He opened a carriage-door, and pushed me in, just as the engine sounded its whistle, and the tug came which moved us on. I was in the carriage with the dean! There was nobody else there, as I well knew, and I really felt very uncomfortable. I didn't at all suppose he would recognise me, but yet there was a sort of feeling which made me wish that the guard had put me anywhere else. However, there was no help for it now, and I made up my mind to see at once if there was any danger of recognition; so the first time he put down his book, although it was only to cut some leaves, I offered him a newspaper. He declined it; but I had obtained an opening, and I followed up my offer with a few remarks about the weather, and so forth—quite enough to let me see that he did not at all remember my voice. I couldn't sleep, but I pretended to do so; and on we went, scarcely another word having been spoken on either side, until the train slackened speed; and I knew we were near the station where they examined the tickets, and where, of course, the murder would be out. When the carriages drew up alongside the ticket-platform, and I could hear the familiar cry of 'All tickets ready,' I feigned to be reading my paper very intently, although, in reality, I was watching and listening with all my might. I saw the dean look up curiously when he first heard the shouts; he listened, too, with a puzzled air, and took off his spectacles and wiped them, as if that

would help him to understand it; however, I have no doubt he thought the notice did not apply to him, so he calmly put his glasses on again. At that moment a guard—a regular one this time, I thought to myself—looked in, and of course said: 'Tickets, if you please.' I gave him mine, which he merely glanced at and returned; and then I screwed myself into a corner, as much out of the light as I could manage. The old clergyman had, of course, done nothing. 'Now, sir, if you please,' said the guard.

'Eh?' returned the dean, looking round, and pushing up his spectacles, which seemed to be a habit with him.

'Tickets, sir, tickets; look alive, if you please, sir,' answered the man.

'Tickets! tickets!' echoed the dean; 'mine is all right. I have given it up.'

'Not to me, sir,' said the guard; 'and no one else has been near this carriage.'

'Oh, but I gave it up before we started,' explained the old gentleman; 'it is a new rule—has only been in force this month.'

Upon my word, I thought I should have burst with laughter here, the dean explained this so innocently.

'New rule, sir!' said the guard. 'No such thing. We examine the tickets here, and take them at your journey's end.'

'Now, Popkins!' shouted a superior of some kind; 'haven't you finished with that carriage yet?'

'Come, sir, look sharp with that ticket,' urged the guard.

'What do you mean?' demanded the clergyman, who was clearly getting angry. 'What do you mean, sir? I have given up my ticket to one of your men, and I am rather inclined to think it was yourself.'

Popkins was now shouted at again very angrily, and his answer brought two or three others round the carriage-door.

'Now, what's all this delay about?' said a man in a very swaggering tone (I suppose he was in some authority there)—'what's all this about, Popkins?'

'Why,' said the guard, 'this party hasn't got a ticket. He says he gave it up at London; and, not satisfied with that, says he gave it up to me.'

'Nay, nay; I am not certain about that,' said the old gentleman. 'I only say I gave it up to some guard, who told me it was a new rule, and he was much such another man as yourself.'

'Oh, that won't do,' said the chief officer very harshly; 'we must have your ticket, or your money, or else we shall remove you from the carriage. We have these games tried on us very often.'

'Do you, indeed?' said the old gentleman. 'Do you, indeed? There is my card, sir, and I shall leave you to take your own course.'

Well, when they saw who he was, they naturally cooled down a bit, and grew more civil; but by this time the other passengers had got anxious, and were putting their heads out of all the windows, and asking what was the matter.

'Perhaps this gentleman,' says the guard, meaning, of course, myself, 'who must have been in the carriage at the time, can tell us something about it. You didn't give up your ticket, sir, because I have just examined it.'

'Unfortunately,' said the dean, speaking before I could answer, 'this gentleman was not in the carriage; he came in just as the train was starting, and after the collection of the tickets.'

The men looked at one another, and I could see they did not believe the story at all.

'I am afraid, sir, you are under a great mistake,' said the chief one; 'and we shall be compelled to write to you for this money, if you do not pay now. We can't keep the train here all night; so you must do as you please, as, of course, we can have our remedy against you.'

The old gentleman looked angrier than ever, and, pulling out his purse, exclaimed: 'There, sir; there is your money; but, rely on it, you will hear from Jessom and Jessom, my solicitors, sir, on the matter. It is an atrocious robbery!'

'You will have your ticket given you at the next station,' said the other. 'I will not delay the train by going to my office now; I will send word on by the guard. But depend upon it, sir, you are in error; you are, indeed.—All right forward!'

'Error, sir! error!' exclaimed the dean. 'You shall see, sir; you shall see. I don't care for your ticket. You may make me pay again, if you please, when I get to my destination. I believe this company is capable of anything; but I will teach them a lesson. This gentleman shall be my witness of the transaction.—I will take your card, sir.' The men cleared from the window, for the engine whistle sounded, and off we went. 'Oblige me with your card, sir,' continued the dean. 'I need hardly ask you if you ever saw so nefarious a proceeding!'

'Never, sir; absolutely scandalous!' I replied. 'But do you think it will be worth your while to take any further notice of it? It will involve you in a great deal of trouble.'

'Trouble, sir! What do I care for that?' demanded the dean indignantly. 'It is my duty to expose such conduct; and I will do it. I will thank you for your card, sir.'

I felt it would be dangerous to refuse a card; so I expressed my sympathy with him, and gave him the card of a foreign gentleman of my acquaintance, which I luckily had in my pocket. Then the old gentleman seemed to be brooding over his injury, and scarcely spoke another word. When we came to the refreshment station, the guard brought him his ticket, which he took without a syllable, and at our next station we both got out. I saw his carriage was waiting for him; and I have no doubt that Mrs Dean had all particulars before an hour was over. As for my friend whose card I gave, I never heard whether the dean had tried to find him out or not; in fact, although I called him my friend, we were by no means friendly.—You think the whole transaction rather fishy, eh? ejaculated my companion, interrupting himself.

'I think it downright dishonest,' said I frankly, 'unless you repaid the dean.'

'Oh, I did that,' responded he. 'I sent the old gentleman a post-office order in the name of my foreign friend. I'm a racing-man and up to a thing or two, but I'm as straight as a die for honesty.'

Well, well, I wonder where my communicative friend is now. I daresay the pitcher has gone once too often to the well in his case, as with the thousand other clever fellows we read of in their appropriate histories.

GILT GINGERBREAD.

Kings, I reckon, are half divine,
Not, like rulers, mob-appointed;
More than mere mortal virtue's shine
Haloes round the brow anointed.
Question not, O hard of head;
Reason is a dingy grub;
Don't rub, don't rub
The gilding off the gingerbread.

The flunkey creed is not a sham;
Title in truth betokens Race;
A noble sire and noble dam
Bequeath a noble soul and face.
Down and worship! vulgar Red;
Fact is but a dingy grub;
Don't rub, don't rub
The gilding off the gingerbread.

Dream on, lovers; one day wed,
Then your dreams will all come true.
Coldness, Jealousy lightly fed,
Discontent, are not for you.
Law reports should never be read;
Fact is such a dingy grub!
Don't rub, don't rub
The gilding off the gingerbread.

Statesman; you shall dictate to kings.
Lawyer; the woollack's not too high.
My poet; you have written things
Posterity will not let die.
So let Fancy have her head;
She's a butterfly, Fact's a grub.
Don't rub, don't rub
The gilding off the gingerbread.

The poor, contented, love the rich,
Who never scorn the sons of labour;
'Good' people practise what they preach,
And speak no evil of their neighbour.
Is this charitably said!
Wretched cynic; back to tub!
Don't rub, don't rub
The gilding off the gingerbread.

I know by much biography
That men are wise and women pure.
You doubt it? To the churchyard hie,
And muse on tombstone literature.
Think no evil of the dead!
Plain speaking is a dingy grub;
Don't rub, don't rub
The gilding off the gingerbread.

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